

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday June 16. to Saturday June 23. 1705.

An Answer to the Young Lady's Resolution, in the last Post, Numb. 34.

CLæmene (*Proud as Proserpine*)
Must have a Man as Fielding fine,
Whose Wit out-shines De Foe's by far,
And rivals great Eugene in War;
To crown the whole, as Cræsus Rich,
To lay her fond insatiate Itch:
As if all Nature must conspire,
To satisfy her vain desire.

But she mistakes, the Fates deny,
Desires so boundless to supply;
They point her Lot, and will Controul
The strong Impulses of her Soul.
One pair of Britches shall contain,
The Fortune of a Pride so vain;
Her wish'd for Wealth, and Fame, and Grace,
Must lie within that narrow space.

On a Whigg, whose Sword and Scabbard was Padlock'd together at Newport Election.

Cease Hamptown more to boast of Bullies,
That stand on each side thy Portcullis;
Giants of Fame, whose Swords of Steel,
Made all their Foes to Quake and Reel.
Here's long Sir H——d of our Town,
Has quite Eclipsed their Renown.
When they promoted Mars's Trade,
No Padlock tyed their Massy Blade;
But here's a Hero that has Vapour'd,
And got a Triumph too at Newport,
With Sword fast fixed in his Scabbard!
Let Whiggs Rejoyce, and Bragg, and Swagger,
'Twas never Purchas'd by his Dagger.

The Mistaken Choice. By G. E.

AMidst the many various Rubs of Fate,
One Chance alone turn'd up to make me
great.
Fortune, and Love, upon that Hour, conspir'd
To give whate'er my busy Hopes desir'd.
The specious Baits were the young Tonjan's Choice,
Love smiling, won my Heart, and had my Voice.
With eager haste I snatch'd the promis'd Prize,
Which soon Possession learn'd me to despise:
For there's not found, in boasted Love, a Joy
So great, but what Enjoyment will destroy.

And now in Pain, grieve in unequal Fate,
Bar'ring substantial Freedom for a Cheat.
Riches, a better Choice had been than this,
Tho' Riches not the least of Evils is.
Why had not Story taught me to beware?
Or why slept Reason in this doubtful War?
Had she been Umpire in the dawning Strife,
I have given her Suffrage for Estate, or Wife;
The jilting Goddess then had been undone,
Love must have lost, and I had truly won.

A SONG.

ONce Cupid did a Shooting go,
And pulling out a Dart;
He having drawn his little Bow,
Was aiming at a Heart.

But when he fair Aurelia saw,
He had no Power at all;
The trembling God was struck with Awe,
And let his Arrow fall.

Aurelia then Young Love desir'd,
And took away his Bow;
She snatch'd his Quiver from his side,
And was about to go.

But when the God began to cry,
To think what he had lost;
That he should no Divinity,
Nor no more Conquest boast:

Here take your Bow again, said she,
Your Bow and Arrows too;
My Eyes will do as much for me
As they can do for you.

The Request.

OCupid tell me, tell me true,
What Art you use, or what you do,
To force me thus to Love?
I'm Metamorphos'd sure of late,
O thou so Cruel Angry Fate!
Why dost a Torment prove?

And yet so pleasing is the Pain,
So sweet the hurt, so soft the Chain,
Release I wou'd not be:
The Torture is so gently Mild,
With Joy, and Grief, at once I'm fill'd,
Yet can't the meaning see.

To free me from my Pain;
When kinder Fortune shews her Face,
I stand, and Look, Admire, and Gaze;
And then wou'd Live again.

Prithee, Cupid, don't perplex me,
You're causeless Cruel thus to vex me,
I ne'er deserv'd this Ill;
At once you do both Heal, and Wound,
You first preserve, and then confound,
Both keep alive, and kill.

Great Cupid, I do thee Implore,
O Grant me this, I'll ask no more;
To thee I humbly pray;
That all my Days may happy prove,
By lovely Charming Delia's Love,
Or take my Life away.

The Absence.

AH! Fairest Delia, when
Shall I be blest agen;
And reap the pleasant Sweets of gentle Love,
That we both once Enjoy'd,
What Mortal cou'd be Cloy'd:
Such mighty Bliss wou'd Ravish Awful Jove.

A tedious Age is past,
Since Cleon saw you last;
Ah! Delia, will you never, never find,
Another Joyful Day,
For our Harmless Play;
Why to your self, and me, are you unkind?

Sure Charming Delia will
Her Solemn Vow fulfil,
The Sacred Gods as soon will Guilty be,
As her sweet Innocence,
Can with such Vows dispence,
Or falsify her promis'd Love to me.

Lovely Delia, let me know
My doom pronounc'd by you,
I would not Languish in a long Dispair;
For if you Changed be,
The Effect you soon shall see,
Of being unjust, and so divinely Fair.

The Oyster.

AS Hodge and Dick the Hoof were beating,
Gut-pinch'd and faint for want of eating,
Near Colchester (as Authors say)
They found an Oyster in the way.

As if b'ad other Fish to fry;
Whilst Dick, more hungry and less lazy,
Stalk'd on apace, and cry'd, I seize ye:
When Hodge, advancing in the Nick,
Swore, Zook's 'tis mine, 'tis mine, swore Dick.
Then Oaths flew thick as Flies in July,
And You lye was return'd with You lye.
But not content with such accosting,
They fell from swearing to Rib-roasting,
With Feet and Fists, this and that stark As,
Kick'd, thump'd, and bruis'd, each others Carcass.
For banging, when the Louts had store on't,
And each cry'd out I'll have no more on't.
Just as the direful Fray was over,
Whom should they from afar discover,
But, Madam Justice, that way trudging,
Equip'd with Scales in hand for judging.
At sight of her, with much ado,
They put themselves in statu quo:
Accosted her with solemn Bow,
With buss of Fist, and scrape of Shoe,
Told her how much they did adore her,
Then laid their Case with Noise before her.
Dame Justice after a short pause,
When she had heard the trifling Cause,
Commanded this and t' other Royster
Into her Hands to put the Oyster:
Which done, She op'd it on the place,
And eat the Fish before their Face;
And then—Ob merry Tale to tell!
The cunning Dame-gave each a Shell.
Take these, said she, and go content hence,
And learn this Truth from my just Sentence,
That now a-days ev'n Justice rifles
Those Fools that quarrel about Trifles,
And crafty Lawyers joyn in this Alliance,
T' eat Oysters up, and leave the Shells to Clients.

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